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## BE QUIET, DO, I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

As I was sitting in a wood  
Under an oak tree's lofty cover,  
Musing in pleasant solitude,  
Who should come by but John my lover;  
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek,  
Then warmer growing, kissed the other;  
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother."

He saw my anger was sincere,  
And lovingly began to chide me:  
And wiping from my cheeks the tear,  
He sat upon the grass beside me;  
He feigned such pretty, amorous wo,  
Breathed such sweet vows one after another,  
I could but smile, while whispering low—  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,  
And vow'd he meant not to deceive me,  
I felt more grief than I can tell,  
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.  
"Oh, John!" said I, "and must you go?  
I love thee better than all other;  
There is no need to hurry so—  
I never meant to call my mother."

## A PERSIAN BRIDE AND WEDDING.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

I WILL tell you a story, in which you shall see how delicately the Persian lover woos and wins his lady-love.

Zuleika was the daughter of a rich merchant of Shiraz, the capital of Fars—a city that of old pretended to superior learning, and on that account was styled Daur ul Ilm, or the Gate of the Abiding Place of Science. Amer ibn Leith was a great merchant—so rich was he that the Sultan often had recourse to his coffers when his own treasury was low, and for this, as may be supposed, he was considered a most valuable subject. Now Amer ibn Leith was proud also to be the father of two daughters—the most beautiful damsels of Shiraz; and the old man contemplated with no little pleasure the approaching marriage of Zuleika—his youngest born—with the son of Babec, an officer of inferior rank, and a descendant of Sassan, grandson of Isfunder. It had been prophesied by an ancient hag, who dwelt in a cavern near the Buchtaree mountains, that Ardeshir Barbeg would come to sudden fortune and renown, and therefore was the rich old Ibn Leith the more anxious to hasten the ceremony of marriage, for, by his judgment of human nature, he feared if Ardeshir became wedded to renown before he wedded Zuleika, he might aspire beyond the daughter of a merchant.

Zuleika and Ardeshir had been betrothed in infancy, though, as is often the case in Persia, they had never seen each other; and as the nuptial hour approached, the fair creature felt some anxiety respecting the personal appearance and manner of her future lord: and Ardeshir, although he had been told that his betrothed was beautiful, no doubt became impatient to behold

those charms which he heard so often praised by others. He was a handsome fellow enough himself, with an erect and proud carriage, a beaming eye, and a countenance expressing dignity and firmness.

Well, at last the day preceding the bridal evening arrived, and the old merchant bustled about with considerable importance. Haidee, her sweet sister, though tearful in her heart at the thoughts of losing Zuleika, yet endeavored, by pretty pleasantries and loving attention, to cheer up the melancholy bride who seemed continually to weep at the idea of forever leaving her coating father and beloved sister. True, she remembered all that she had heard of the nobleness of Ardeshir, and the prophecy of the old hag, yet as she turned her eyes upon the familiar objects around her, she almost resolved to avail herself of a privilege allowed females by the laws of the country, and refuse to implement the engagement, but Haidee rallied her on her weakness, till at last she determined to pass through the coming ordeal. She had already received from the bridegroom the customary presents, composed of fine clothes, shawls, handkerchiefs, bedclothes, bedding, bathing and cooking apparatus, henna for her hands, sugar and oomfit.

It was on the morning of the festival of No Roz, the feast of the vernal equinox, the new year of the ancient Persians, that Zuleika and Haidee were standing near the garden entrance of their father's palace—for it was a palace, if such it could be made by the princely munificence of Amer ibn Leith. The young spring flowers threw their perfume lavishly upon the air, which was likewise musical with the songs of birds from the thickets of roses that embellished the garden, while near them a bird of Paradise was trimming its bright plumage. Haidee was placing upon her sister's head a wreath of flowers which Ardeshir had sent her, and cheering her with bright pictures of the future; but the heart of Zuleika was bursting with uncontrolled emotion, and her large, dark, mournful eyes were brimming with tears. Sympathy is a great alleviator of sorrow, and the playfulness, the affection, and the attention of Haidee soon soothed the melancholy reflections of Zuleika.

However, I will not go into a description or a discussion of all that may agitate a lady's heart on the near approach of her bridal—particularly a Persian lady who knows nothing of her intended except by the report of others.

Babec, the father of Ardeshir, resided at a short distance from Shiraz, and thither was the bride to be conducted as soon as the shades of evening had mantled the city. Ardeshir had sent a large retinue of friends to escort to him his lovely bride, together with an elegantly caparisoned horse which was to bear her to the arms of her impatient lord.

The hour arrived when the company were to depart from the city, and wrapped in a costly shawl, provided by the bridegroom, Zuleika bade farewell to the home of her infancy, and the cavalcade moved on, accompanied with drums beating, tambourines playing, and lanterns flourishing. At intervals on the road, ac-

cording to custom, bridges were made by gentlemen of the husband's party, who, being called by name, placed themselves on their hands and knees before the bride's horse, and the choice being made of corpulent or awkward individuals, it excited great mirth. In this way did they proceed toward the residence of Ardeshr, where they arrived in a merry state of excitement, and Zuleika was shown into an apartment allotted for her own reception, and a mirror was held up in such a position as to reflect her face, where for the first time it was revealed to the anxious gaze of the bridegroom. The exclamation that escaped the lips of Ardeshr as he beheld the features of Zuleika, satisfied all within hearing that, however much her beauty had been extolled, the reality more than exceeded his warmest hopes. He was surprised at the expression of her loveliness, and gazed with rapture on the perfect symmetry of her form; and she in turn appeared no less satisfied with the noble manner of Ardeshr. Of course she blushed at the compliments he bestowed upon her beauty, without replying, for, less fortunate than the ladies of other countries, her love-making must commence after marriage, therefore depriving her of all the many delightful moments, and the devoted attention of expectant and hopeful lovers, whose ardor, unfortunately for the fair one, too often wastes itself in a lengthy pursuit.

Then commenced a scene of festivity, gorgeous and extravagant in the extreme, which was continued forty days, as was a general custom among the Persian nobles and the wealthy class of citizens—the expense of the festivities frequently proving ruinous. On the first day the company assembled, on the second the bride's hands were stained with henna, and on the third the nuptial ceremony took place, and was regularly attested by a legal officer. By this time Zuleika began to think Ardeshr equalled, if he did not surpass, most men she had ever seen; and he really became enamoured of his beautiful bride. Amer ibn Leith was as happy as a child with a new plaything, and Haidee felt cheerful as she saw reason to believe that the marriage of her sister would terminate happily.

The period of feasting being at an end, the company began to disperse, and at last the fortunately happy pair were left to the enjoyment of each other's society, wherein they learned to be as lovingly tender as two billing doves; nor was the prophecy of the old hag without its fruit of prosperous fulfilment.

Ardeshr rose rapidly in the public service; but being suspected of too much ambition, he was banished from court. After a while, however, encouraged by the nobility and the feebleness of the imperial armies, he aimed for sovereign power, and supported by his countrymen, he marched upon Ispahan, meeting with but little opposition, and overran the greater part of Irak before the fourth Ariabanes could take the field. Three battles terminated the life of the reigning prince, and Ardeshr was hailed on the field as Shah in shar, or King of kings. In a reign of fourteen years, he considerably enlarged his dominions, and opposed with success the Roman emperor, Alexander. Very unlike a great monarch, however, he proved ever faithful and constant to Zuleika, and her life passed as cheerfully as the beautiful singing birds of her own delightful clime. Ardeshr Barbegan was a great monarch, esteemed and beloved by his subjects, and no less eminent as a legislator, and as the result of his great abilities, he transmitted to his son, Shapoor, the first Sa-

pores of the Western historians, A. D. 242, a well-consolidated empire formed out of the scattered fragments of the Parthian monarchy.

#### THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSINATION.

In the county of Galway, in Ireland, there lived a young couple, the children of two neighboring cottages, who were betrothed to each other from the earliest period of infancy. They had been educated in the same rude retirement, had partaken of the same fare, had shared in the same amusements; and were now anxiously waiting the period of their union. Their parents were of the lowest class of Irish peasantry, and possessed no inconsiderable share of the national virtues and vices. With dispositions naturally good, their passions had been inflamed by the civil dissensions of the period, and embittered by the pressure of acute poverty; and which finally induced them to join the ill-fated rebellion, that terminated in the death of poor Emmett and his associates.

It happened one night that the father and mother of the young girl, with the youth to whom she was betrothed, were sitting round their little fire-side, gloomily awaiting an increase of poverty and misery, when a sudden knock at the cottage door roused them from their reverie and induced them to hasten to the gate; a tall elegant stranger, close muffled up in a military cloak, entered their humble dwelling and without waiting for the consent of the party, seated himself in a chair opposite, and through the folds of his robe attentively surveyed the group. He appeared young, noble, but wrapt in gloom, and worn down with public anxieties; which at that period to which we allude, were felt more or less by almost every Irish Patriot. After a long pause, he relaxed somewhat in his scrutiny, and addressed himself to the young man and his intended father-in-law, and having insisted on the departure of the females, shrouded his face more closely in his mantle, and in blended accents of pity, shame, and indignation, commenced an animated recital of the civil dissensions of Ireland, of its shameful subjugation by England, its decay of public spirit and private worth, and terminated his discourse by solemnly conjuring them as they valued their rights, their liberties, and their principles, to join with the constitutional warmth of Irishmen, in a rebellion that was yet in embryo, and which was raised for the preservation of their country.

Fortunately, his discourse was not lost upon his audience. The iron hand of slavery had entered into their souls, they had felt the sting of poverty, and the sense of their national degradation, and were ready to embrace any prospect of emancipating themselves, however desperate it might appear. They had hearts too that could feel, and hands that could wield a sword, and as the stranger saw the tears coursing down the cheeks of the young cottager, and the crimson fire of indignation flashing from the eyes of the elder, he embraced them both with transport, and promised to meet them on the ensuing evening, on the bleak moor that adjoined the village where they resided.

The night soon arrived, and having taken an affectionate farewell, the one of his betrothed bride, the other of wife and daughter, the couple sat forward on their march. As the clock from the village church struck eight, they entered on the place appointed for their meeting. At the remotest corner of the moor

they observed a man folded in a night-mantle hastening to join them. It was the stranger; he hailed their appearance with transport, and taking a hand of each, desired them to accompany him in silence. The party soon quitted the moor, and as they cut rapidly across the high road, discovered a numerous quantity of horse-patrols scouring along the path with their swords drawn, and their steel helmets flashing through the darkness of the night. By creeping under the hedges they were easily enabled to avoid them, and when the sound of their receding steps could be heard no longer, they cautiously stole from their hiding place, and pursued their midnight march.

They had now entered on a dark mountain pass, enclosed on either side by enormous precipices, which rose to an awful distance above them: beyond, towered a gloomy forest of pines, and to the right of the road, in the distance, appeared the black hills of Wicklow. The dead of night drew on, and as the hollow wind roared dismally through the opening clefts in the mountains, the spirits of the travelers assumed a corresponding tone of dejection. They moved on in silence, not, however, without an occasional murmur from the cottager and his son-in-law, as to the direction of the road they were pursuing, and they had already commenced an angry expostulation, when the waning moon peeped through the dark moving mass of clouds in which she was buried, and revealed the whole expanse of the deep blue ocean, which roared at the base of the mountain, along whose bleak summits they were winding. In a few minutes they had gained the further side of the pass, and could distinctly hear the hum of human voices, the echoing clash of arms, and see the dim flickerings of a hundred torches, revealing to their surprise a yawning cavern that seemed opening to receive them. They advanced toward the entrance, where an Irishman in the native dress of his country was pacing to and fro, with a pike in his hand, and a heavy broadsword by his side. "Who goes there?" he exclaimed, leveling his weapon at the approaching party. "Friends," was the reply. "The watchword?"—"The Emerald Isle," returned the other, and hastened briskly on, accompanied by his two astonished associates.

After winding through a narrow passage that admitted but one at a time, their eyes were dazzled by the glittering radiance of torchlights that illuminated the dark vaults of the cavern they had entered. A large charcoal fire burnt in the middle of the cave, and threw a sulphurous glare on the rugged features of the group that surrounded it. From the centre of the vaulted ceiling a lamp was suspended, and on every side hung broadswords, pistols, and other instruments of destruction. On the entrance of the stranger with his companions, the rebels advanced to meet him, and paid him that involuntary respect, which true dignity never fails of extorting from the vulgar. He had thrown off his mantle, but his features were carefully concealed in a mask, and rendered detection impossible. He was habited in a simple suit of green, with a white plume of feathers waving in his cap, and with firm step advanced toward his two companions, and recommended them to the rest of the group, as friends to the liberty of Ireland, and who had resolved to risk their lives in their service. They were both received with shouts of applause, the fearful oath of allegiance was taken, and they were instantly equipped with arms to be used in the ensuing contest.

Days rolled on, and with every hour the rebels received a formidable addition to their reinforcements. They remained with their families during the morning, and assembled each night in the cavern we have just described, but with such precaution, that they were enabled to baffle the penetration of the soldiers who were stationed in companies throughout the country. The troubles of Ireland in the meanwhile raged with unabated energy; proscriptions followed proscriptions; the sentiments of liberty were tortured into the language of treason, and the English military oppressed the unfortunate Irish with the most unexampled tyranny. The whole of the lower classes, on whom the yoke fell the heaviest, determined at last to struggle for the recovery of their freedom, and wisely resolved to take the first opportunity of exerting their energies.

On a gloomy night in Autumn, they assembled in Thomas street, Dublin, where they had previously deposited their arms, and awaited in anxious expectation the signal that was to announce their rising. As the bell from the castle clock struck the hour of six, lights were seen burning on the summits of the neighboring hills, the roar of musquetry was heard, and a fearful contest took place in the crowded streets of the city. The alarm bell was rung, the riot act read, and the drums of the military called to action. At this instant, a party of rebels, well armed with pikes and broadswords, with the young stranger at their head, moved toward the castle. A regiment of soldiers was ordered to attack them, but such was the fury of their charge, and so animated the conduct of the hero who commanded them, that they were dispersed on the first onset. They had now gained the castle walls, and sword in hand, the stranger, followed closely by the cottager and his son-in-law, mounted the ramparts. This last was shot dead at the first onset, and the other two separated from each other by the violence of the struggle. Numbers at length prevailed, the rebels were eventually subdued, their leader taken prisoner, while the cottager was almost the only one who escaped. For days subsequent to the battle, he continued wandering about the streets, in hopes of encountering the gallant and interesting stranger, with whose imprisonment he was as yet unacquainted. At length, as the hour of trial approached, and he fancied himself free from all chance of detection, he resolved to enter the hall of justice, and boldly endeavor to address him. The conviction of the rebels had in part commenced when he entered, a deep silence prevailed, and a young man was busy in his defence. He was of noble and commanding aspect, with a countenance shaded by the deepest—the gentlest melancholy. But his voice—it struck immediately to the agonized feelings of the cottager, and convinced him that the person he now beheld was the stranger of his fancy, the Emmett, the patriot of his country. He denied the charge of treason with the most impassioned eloquence; he spoke warmly—and the tears sprang to his eyes, as he recalled the memory of the girl he loved, and whom he had given up, in his superior attachment to his country. He wept—but he wept not for himself, and the tears that had never fallen for his own misfortune, stole down his faded cheek, when he reflected on the miseries he had entailed on the poor associates of his rebellion. For himself he sought not pardon, but he supplicated the mercy of the judge for the wretches he had misled, and concluded with that affecting appeal to posterity which can never be for-

gotten. "Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dares vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; but let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, 'till other times and other men can do justice to my character." Even this appeal failed of its effect, he was condemned, as a traitor, and his execution was ordered for the ensuing Monday. Many a bright eye was dimmed, and many a gay heart felt a pang of commiseration, for the gallant patriot.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, and the din of their hammers sounded like a solemn dirge for the dead, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he had so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood, as she entered, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor; as for Emmett himself, he wept, and spoke little, but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their happiness, of their early love, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the grave where his ashes mouldered, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection.

At this instant the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmett started at the sound, and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form, with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment; ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the startling drops from his eyes, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired—it was but for a moment, the dungeon door swung back again on its rusty hinges, and as it closed sullenly after, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth.

With the earliest peep of dawn, numerous detachments of cavalry were parading the streets of Dublin, and a file of soldiers guarded the scaffold erected for the execution. As the heavy bell from the prison tolled out the appointed hour, the criminal, arrayed in a deep suit of black, made his appearance on the platform. He bowed to the populace with serenity, but smiled with ineffable contempt, while the executioner approached to draw the cap over his face. "Away with your insulting mockery," he passionately exclaimed, "do you think the warrior who has braved death in the field, fears to meet it on the scaffold." The man, terrified by his indignant countenance, hesitated to perform the office, but dashing the cap from him, trembling threw the cord around the neck of his victim. A deep silence in the meantime reigned throughout the mighty multitude that assembled to witness

the execution; broken at intervals by the muffled drums of the soldiers, the dull sound of the death bell, or the distant roar of artillery that announced the commencement of the tragedy. At this moment the eyes of the sufferer rested on the cottager, who by dint of persuasion and artifice, had contrived to force himself opposite the scaffold. Emmett sighed as he beheld him, smiled faintly in token of recognition, and pointing upward, signified that it would not be long before they should both meet again in heaven.

All was now ready for the massacre; the rope was adjusted, the sinking platform prepared, and the execution awaited only the fatal signal. It was given by the officer stationed on the scaffold, and soon the heavy trampling of the horse guards, and the doubled roll of the war drums, announced that Emmett, the noble-minded, but misguided Emmett, had at last met with the fate of the brave. Peace be with his ashes, and eternal solitude to the spot where he slumbers. If he has erred, let his errors be imputed to the more daring treason of those doubly-damned apostates, who have sacrificed every liberal principle at the bloody shrine of Moloch. For himself, the very turf that enshrouds him is holy, and the night-blast that roars around the requiem to his memory. Though now neglected and forgotten, the time will come when his name will be ennobled as the stars in heaven, and stream like a meteor through the dark ages of slavery and superstition.

On the conclusion of this affecting tragedy, the cottager, secure from the insignificant part he had acted in the rebellion, hastened to return home. The scene he had so lately witnessed, instead of softening, had hardened the natural roughness of his disposition, and poverty, augmented by despair, and the difficulty of procuring sustenance, had inspired him with the feelings of a demon. He stopped an instant on his return to enter the cavern where he had first been seduced from his allegiance. He thought of the murdered while he viewed it, of his son-in-law, who had died in the cause of liberty, and as he heard the hollow wind echo through the gloomy recess, and speak to his soul of utter desolation, a tear glistened in his eye, and he wept—the ferocious hard-hearted Irishman wept, and moved slowly onward to his cottage. It was dusk when he arrived, and the voice of wailing was loud within. He entered, and beheld his wife, with a young woman seated by her side: and his daughter, the child of his pride, dying from positive exigence. After the death of her betrothed husband, she had gradually drooped and bowed her fair head toward the tomb. Life henceforward was a scene of utter solitude; the light that shone on her path was vanished, and darkness encompassed it around. With a faint smile she held out her hand to her father, and then sunk back exhausted on her couch of straw. Unacquainted with the cause of her complaint, he turned to his wife for further information, and was told in reply, that neither herself nor her daughter had eaten anything for the last two days, for that every trifling sum they could procure, had been devoted to medicine for their child. Her countenance darkened as she spoke, and with a ghastly grin of the most diabolical tendency, she drew her husband in silence from the room, and whispered in his ear that the young woman, who at that time lodged in their cottage, had saved up a guinea while at service, and proposed that it should be appropriated to themselves. After a long struggle between their horror



at the idea of murder, and their affection for their child, they resolved to despatch the poor woman, and devote the spoils to the subsistence of themselves and daughter. At the dread hour of midnight they entered the room where the two females reposed on the same miserable truck, and in order to ensure the destruction of their victim, remarked that she was stationed nearest to the door, while their daughter slept contiguous to the cottage wall. Having carefully ascertained this point, they entered an adjoining apartment, and conversed in an audible tone upon the way in which the murderous scheme should be executed.

In the meantime the young woman, roused by the conversation, and overhearing the frequent repetition of her name, listened in breathless silence, and but too soon became acquainted with the proposed plan of murder. Not a moment was to be lost: she hastily changed places with her sleeping companion, and crept gently over by the cottage walls, which the parents imagined was the corner that their child occupied. All was now silent, but in a few minutes the door of the room was lifted gently on its latch, and a head was thrust forward. The form advanced, and was succeeded by another, bearing a dark lantern in her hand. They approached the bed in quiet, but in the agitation of their movements the light was extinguished. The young woman continued in the most fearful suspense, and could distinctly hear the sharpening of the murderous weapon, and see its blade glittering in the darkness of the room. In an instant it was drawn across the throat of the victim—it cut with a keen edge, wizzed while it separated the arteries, and the blood welled in a purple tide from the wound. The hollow death-rattle followed, the sinews of the body became contracted with convulsions, and a long deep sigh announced that the midnight murder was effected. The wretches removed the apparel of their victim into the next apartment, and then returned to commit the corpse to the earth. Followed at a slight distance by the young woman, who boldly resolved to track their footsteps, they bore it swiftly from the house, and hastened to the grave that had been dug for its reception. The night was wild and tempestuous, and the thunder reverberated in ten thousand echoes along the murky arch of heaven. The wind howled across the moors, and every succeeding gust spoke of unrelieved horror. Not a star was seen in the firmament, but all grew black and dismal, save where the lightning's flash irradiated the landscape, and betrayed its utter desolation. The guilty couple felt the silent awe of the moment, and as they stole quietly along with their lifeless burden hanging on their arms, listened with renewed affright to each passing whisper of the breeze. They had now reached the extremity of the garden, and with paralyzed hearts cast the corpse into the burial place. It sunk with a heavy sound into the grave, the face was turned upward, and a sudden flash of lightning, as it shone full on the dead body, revealed the features of their daughter, of that child for whose sake the murder had been committed.

They were roused from their trance of agony by a deep-drawn sigh, and the sound of approaching footsteps; and by the blue flashes of lightning, and the dim light of their lantern, beheld a form clad in white approaching the spot where they were stationed. It proceeded with slow and solemn steps, and when nearly opposite the grave, beckoned them with its hand to follow. The conscience of the murderers in-

stantly took the alarm, and suggested to their disordered imagination that it was the ghost of their slaughtered victim. Struck to the soul with the sight, her past guilt rushing full on her mind, the feelings of the mother were unequal to the struggle, she gave one deep heart-rending groan, and dropped dead on the body of her daughter. The father returned in a state of phrenzy to his cottage, was impeached on the evidence of the young woman, who had encountered them at the grave, and was shortly afterward executed for the murder. Before he died, he confessed the share he had taken in the rebellion and the nature of his connexion with Emmett, but solemnly persisted in affirming that he was driven to rebellion and murder by the miseries of his country, and the unexampled indigence of his own family.

The spot where he lies buried may still be seen, but is now generally avoided as the residence of unholy spirits. It stands at a slight distance from the main road, and is embosomed on one side by a dark wood, and on the other by the bleak moors of Galway. It is known as the grave where the murderer reposes, and the liberal-minded people, when they shudder at the crimes of him who sleeps below, curse in the bitterness of their hearts the apostates who caused such guilt by the miseries they have entailed on their country.

#### A STORY OF THE OLD TIME IN ITALY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT, FOUND IN THE CONVENT OF SIDERNE, IN CALABRIA.

"I AM the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisgraced in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy I had fair and stately halls, vassals for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and everything needful or unneedful with which human pride can be pampered, and honor or humor desire or deserve. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with such honorable entertainment as their many pleasant qualities merited. But there was one never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of a poor estate touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and members of all the intellect of Italy—that proud land, where the hand of humble genius is of more nobility than the entire body of merely honorable birth. But he of whom I write is now cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity, the earth-embracing sea; and could these miserable and shameful tears, which fall at the recollection of the wrong which I have done him, outwater that sea, they would not enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear father-land: vainly, therefore, do I weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor my life or death atone for to Heaven and my country.

I have said that though poor, he had that nobility which is more noble than rank—Independence; but though seemingly proud, he was really humble: his humility shrank only from the proffered hands and the open palaces of princes, not because he was unworthy

of them, but because he would not accept the uncertain honors of the present, when he might enjoy unconditional honors in the future. I bade him to my vanities and sating pleasures; but, with an humbleness which was more gratifying to me than the proudest acknowledgments of more princely men, he would ever refuse, and this with so winning a grace, that I was happier to be refused of him than accepted of the highest of Italy. His severe studies, and his patriotic endeavors for the welfare of his country, were the first wishes of his noble nature: these were excuses which I, who desired his future glory, could not be adder-deaf unto; and I was, therefore, more pleased at his absence from the vain parade of pride and the worthless revel of pleasure, than at his presence, if it must have been bought with precious hours, which are few and numbered here, that we may use them only as purchasers of immortality hereafter. But, though absent from my court, he was ever present to my mind, where, whichever way I looked, in hall or bower, at the banquet or in the dance, whatever I saw that was noble or graceful, seemed only like so many faint resemblances and dim recognitions of him.

This admiration could not long exist without other pulses stirring in my heart. Jealousy, and doubt, and fears of what might happen as impediments between me and him racked me with painful anticipations. It was necessary to my happiness that I should draw him nearer, and ensure him mine; but how was this to be brought about with no loss of modesty, and that self-respect which even virtue, in her purest intentions, may not leave to the mercy of calumny, and the accidents of chance? I could not, from a maidenly shame, confess that I loved him: I deemed that the difference between our fortunes alone separated us; and resolved, if it might be done, to remove his poverty; and went about it with that delicacy which only a heart that loves can devise. He was already eminent throughout Italy for his sculpture: to engage him to adorn my palace with the creations of his chisel would place him more frequently before my eyes, and, by enriching him, make his fortune more equal to my own. I resolved, therefore, to place a large sum in his hands, to purchase such works as his genius had already created to be immortal, and all that it might for some time create. Sending a careful messenger before, announcing that I would visit his gallery, I set out with a small retinue of noble friends to his little villa. He met me at the door; and, with the grace of genius, surrounded the heirs of his fame to my wish with as much modest indifference to their value, as if they had been but the toys of an idle taste. But for the gold and jewels which I had sent him, rather as presents than a consideration for his productions, which no price could purchase, he would have none of them: his fortune, he insisted, was enough for all his wants; and it was more than enough for him if his poor works were thought worthy of the honor I intended them. Still I pressed these presents on him, and still he refused; when, finding that he would not by my hands be lifted level with myself in riches, I resolved at least to make myself as poor as him; and determined on founding a school for the arts in Florence, and on endowing it with more than the sum he had so resolutely yet modestly refused. I made my intention public, and invited the artists of Italy to the work, not doubting, meanwhile, that this poor munificence would find favor in his eyes. He praised my devotion to the true glory of his

country, and for a time I was hopeful of success. But this pleasant dream was too soon dissipated, and, like a vapor before the sun, it vanished.

From some inquiries which I had made among his domestics, I learnt that his heart (which I had thought possible to be mine) was irrecoverably given to the fair Bianca, daughter of Baptista Buonaveti, an old merchant of Florence; and that, in a few days, he was to set out for Syracuse to claim her hand, in fulfilment of a solemn compact, made when passing his novitiate in that city. This intelligence came like death upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself averse from the gay company and the old courtesies of my house. My noble friends saw my spirit to be sick, and strove to come at its disease; but I had already formed my resolution, rather than confess my weakness, to die of an undiscovered grief, and since my malady was hopeless, that it should be also voiceless. I preserved that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I wept my sorrows in the loneliness and darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did till the paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted ruddiness, that it was scarcely noticed either by the plying kindly, or the prying curious. The flatterer, the whisperer, and the surmiser, left me henceforth to myself; and my palace, which had been the open hall of revel and riot, was now serious as the house of death. A moody quiet, and the silent abstractedness of a pining passion informed the silence, with a voice audible as the song of pleasure, or the hum of revelry, that joy had winged from those walls.

This violent change in the vivacity of my living did not escape the notice of Guido; but still his heart, which was too much occupied with his promised happiness, seemed no way conscious of the reason for this gloomy change. He inquired, with the kindness natural to him, of those he could not be informed by, why it was; and deeming it to be some mood of the mind, arising from the satiety of fortune, or from the pain of too much pleasure, he left the secret of my malady to those who might torture it by their probing.

The day and the hour was now arrived, when he was to set out on his way to old Baptista's; and as he passed under the lattice of my chamber, with a brave retinue of horsemen, chiefly his friends and kinsmen, with some few followers of his house, I could not, though my eyes were dim with tears at the sight, refrain from witnessing his departure—although I felt that with him went all that was dear to me in love, and pleasant in life. As his horse curvetted restively under my window Guido looked up, and reining in the impatient steed, he lifted his cap from his head, and let loose to the winds his curled redundancy of raven-shining hair: then gracefully bending in his saddle, and kissing his hand to me, he passed on, followed by the blessings of the poor, to whom he was ever charitable, and by the admiration of the wealthy, who saw in him the hope and example of his country. I watched his retiring as a Persian follows the sun's till I could no longer descry anything in the distance but the circling horizon; and throwing myself on a couch, vainly endeavored to turn the tempest of passion to patient prayers for his happiness.

Thus, by nourishing resignation to the will of Heaven, my soul gradually softened into composure, though sadness would often force her due of tears;

and the blessed Mother heard my prayers, and comforted me: and rest for a while, came back to my bed; but it was not long that it abode there. Religion could not long render me patient under suffering, nor administer comfort where there was no hope. Again I summoned the votaries who were now hateful, and the happiness they pretended to bestow made me the more conscious of that which I had lost. Weary of all that was once pleasant to me, I resolved in an evil hour to follow de Medicis—preferring rather to see the happiness of one who had rendered me most wretched, than not again to behold him. Summoning my chamberlain, I informed him that sudden business demanded my presence in Florence; but that my departure must be secret and my absence equally so.

Ere the early lark had rustled wakefully in his nest I was in the saddle; and followed by a trusty servant, hurried my way to the bright city, where I soon discovered the house of old Baptista, and going up to it, I was seen by the gentle Guido, who, coming out to meet me, hospitably welcomed me. I feigned that the business of my foundation for the arts had brought me thither, so that my intent was unsuspected, and I was once more in sight of him who had robbed me of happiness never more to be restored.

Bianca Buonaventi was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love; for all those beauties which Art has imitated from Nature were mingled in her. In her form were blended all that I had till then thought the idealities of Grecian grace and Roman majesty; in motion, she was stately as the swan; and swam the air, rather than walked the earth. Her step was an inaudible music; her voice sweeter than the recollected music of a dream. Her mind was a book of pure and wise thoughts, written surely by some hand divine. Her countenance such as angels wear—and they were made fair that man might love Heaven, where all is beautiful. Love shone in her eyes, but with so holy and placid a fire,—two sister stars burning in the winter heaven beam not a chaster light: wherever they turned, all eyes were illuminated, and whatever she looked upon reflected back the beauty she turned upon it. Indeed, in all those fair and admirable qualities which make woman worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man,—she was perfection. That Guido should love the gentle girl was no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so endearing a power hath beauty in its purity.

As every hour developed her exceeding worth, and disclosed to me some new loveliness which I had not before discerned, the selfishness which would have made me the serpent to destroy the happiness of this second Eden, became poisonless and innocent—pride melted to pity, and pity to love; and I then religiously resolved to turn the bitterness of my passion into a sister's love for her. This resolution gave a happiness to my heart which was new to it, and for a while I kept true to this holy purpose.

On the morrow following, they were to be married,—womanliness to manliness—beauty to love—grace to genius. That morrow came; I attended the solemn rite—saw two hearts made earthly one and indivisible, and heavenly happy; and though my human heart shed some natural tears I wrestled with the dying strugglings of passion with more than woman's fortitude. Never was Florence, that gay city, happier than on that day; for never did so many hearts breathe their benedictions on two happy beings, or more fer-

vently invoke Heaven for the welfare of the pride of Italy and the flower of Florence.

Guido in this happy hour, seemed as if rapt in a poet's ecstasy, and trod the earth as lightly as an alighting angel, still up-buoyed by his open though motionless wings. He seemed indeed too ethereal for an earthly being: whilst she, skinking with a maidenly diffidence from the admiring glances of the crowd, gave only now and then a look of fondness and pride at the lord of her choice; and so trod her gentle way from the church, followed by the silent blessings of her friends, and the loud benedictions of old and young—of Florentine and foreigner. The gay procession then took horse, and, passing out of the city, journeyed on through the country, till it came to Campanelle, on the silvery shore of the Mediterranean, where lay anchored a goodly vessel, which was to waft the lovers, with some few friends, over sea to Syracuse. There at a villa, pleasant for a fair prospect, and rich for its productiveness, lying as it did among purple vineyards on a hill, at whose foot ran the clear blue sea,—they were to wile away the summer hours of love.

Going safely on board the goodly ship, we bent sail before an easy breeze from the shore, and stood out for the strait of Messina, through which we had to pass ere the lovers could reach the happy nuptial haven.

It was evening ere we had cleared the pleasant shore of Tuscany, and the sun as it set seemed flushed with a troubled red which threatened a storm; but as a storm in that sea is seldom fatal, the helmsman was commanded to stand still father out, and so get room to run before it, if it came on as severely as was dreaded. Being put about, the gay bark danced over the waves trimly and gallantly. And so for some time she sped; but suddenly the wind, from breathing regularly and gently as a sleeping, child, held its breath like a heart in terror, as if nature had suffered some sudden pause in its continual activity: and the ship, who was cutting her rapid way through the surfy waves, with all her sails full to straining, dropped, as it were, out of the hands of the wind, and fell heavily, and almost without motion, into the lap of the sea, the white sails flapping feebly and emptily in the recoiling air. A faint cry of surprise from the crew told too plainly that all was not well. Old Baptista and the master-mariner looked troublously at each other, and, blessing the vessel from harm, gave their orders secretly to the men. The clouds which had followed the sun in his descent looked fiery-red; whilst others, that seemed fixed by their own density, poured a darkness blacker than night upon our path. For an hour the breathless ship lay becalmed; but at last the wind stirred again, but weakly and fitfully, and howled among the cordage its shrill notes—a prelude strain prophesying too fatally the terrors of the tempest which was fast coming on: the sails flapped a moment, and then dropped loosely down, and babbled idly with the dying breeze.

The night was now dark to blindness, and there was no friendly light either of moon or star. The red clouds, that till then had caught the day's last lingering ray, gradually grew black as the pall of death; and the wide horizon dark as the dome where Death holds his court. But soon the rapid lightning began to cut through the clouds, and made the darkness more dark, when it had flickered past, from its momentary excess of light. And now, in the distance, might be heard the surly threatening of the thunder. The wind began to blow gustily; the lightning flashed wilder and more

vividly; and once the ship seemed to tremble through its very frame under a thunder-burst, that sounded to our startled ears, as if it had exploded against the cap of her creaking mast of pine. The lovers, who till then had heeded only each other, for a moment looked aghast, and muttered their prayers to St. Lucy, the virgin martyr of Syracuse, to waft them safely thither. The master was pale, as if he saw what must happen, before it had approached; the mariners crossed themselves, and committed their souls to the care of the holy saints. Again the lightning washed over the deck, as it were a whiter and more silvery water than earth contains, flowing down in a flood from heaven; and no eye could bear to look on it longer than a moment. The helmsman dropped the wheel from his hands, that he might cover his face with them; the mariners turned away their faces from the blinding flashes, and the lovers hid their's in each other's bosom. The thunder now seemed to shake even the very heavens under which it rolled; the riotous sea, as though awed by its tremendous power, hushed its appalling roar, and for a moment lay still and level as a lake between two wind-outshutting hills. In the next, it rolled with terrible rushes along its way, apparently without the compulsive power of the winds. But soon they came—feebly at first, but gathering a savage strength as they advanced.

The frail vessel, which had lain on the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth into the sea of space—when rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crashing noise into the bed of the sea. At length all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered; and again the lightning glanced along the deck and mingled with the washing waves, so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of all the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship—for all saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung in silent horror to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and bid her take heart. The old man covered his gray head with the foldings of his cloak; and as he set motionless and wordless, seemed the very resignation of despair. The crew were alternately on their knees, or starting up fresh-couraged to do the best they could for the groaning ship; but all availed not. The hand of man could not guide her through such a sea; and the master would have quit the helm, had it not been something to hold by, as the waves swept fiercely over the deck, carrying away whatever thing, animate or inanimate, was loose or infirm. The rudder having been some time powerless, it was not easy to know whither the vessel had driven. She had drifted before the wind; but the master knew not whither we were off the shore of Sicily or of Calabria; it was certain that we were not far from land; for in the pauses of the bellowing wind, we might sometimes hear the sound of a convent-bell, rung by the good religious of that pious sanctuary, to warn the darkling mariner of his nearness to the rocks off the

land. But when the wind got up again, it blew the guiding sound back upon the shore, and left us without hope or help. Whilst we were despairing of the worst, it came; for, on the sudden, the reeling ship struck violently on a reef of rocks, and a loud cry from the crew, succeeded by a louder shriek from the women, proclaimed with horrid voice that all was lost.

The shock of her striking was so powerful, that the fearful, who were clinging together to help one another, were torn from each other's grasp as by a stronger grasp, and thrown separately to different parts of the deck; and the storm at that moment gave a hideous howl, as if it triumphed in its strength. The gallant Guido, though flung from his seat upon his face, fell with the fainting Bianca in his arms; but getting instantly on his feet again, shouted with a resolute voice, that put courage even into the hearts of the despairing mariners, "Fear nothing! God is the guide of the good! He will save us yet!" And the master at that moment shouted too, but fearfully and shrilly, as if he shrieked, "She is off again, unharmed! Fear not, fear not! our heavenly mother Mary, and the good saints, are about us!" Then all on board crossed themselves on brow and breast, and muttered inwardly their prayers to Heaven. It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and, with the recolling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her farther out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as if it would part the poles, and again flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern-half of her huge bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on Heaven; for the many of the crew were crowded about the helm, and, when it parted, went down with her, never again to rise with life. The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssal depth it had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface-sea, and we had all held to each other and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but, being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar toward us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing, with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it our escape was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into sea, and struggle for the land."

And now shrink not as from the serpent-fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out. "Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!"—and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old



man, "Follow me, father, follow me!" But he heard him not; for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and audibly informed me that she still lived, though my struggling soul would fain have quieted its conscience with the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido and to heaven, its damnable deceit. Guido heard not her cry, or if he did, took it, in the stunning turbulence of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffeted the waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like a living rock, he cried, "Be of good cheer, my Bianca, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call on her name, my heart smote so fearfully within me, that, though I was sure of death if I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of the lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the water, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay almost lifeless in his clasp, as he struck through the waves with the oar. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair over my face, so that he knew me not; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when, just as his strength was spent, and he had bade me commit my soul to Heaven, he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till at length we touched the rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low craggy cliffs and feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground, from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety seemed then more dreadful to me than the dangers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavoring to bring life back, by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might, to the distant fishermen's cottages, where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers; and after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us, I shrank from it like a foul and guilty thing that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face as the light fell on it, when, uttering a dreadful shriek of dismay and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and, by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from again leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him, save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and shaking me like a serpent to the earth, with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea. I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the waters, and again turn for the shore: but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out; and though I kept my breaking eyes

fixed on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed I saw that he had sunk; when crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me.

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 Within these peaceful and holy wall years have since passed over me. But the thought of that dreadful hour, and of the still more dreadful guilt which it brought upon my soul, is ever present to my mind. The images of Guido and his murdered bride rise between me and all rest,—even between me and devotion. My wealth has been given to the pious uses of this convent, and my penance and prayers are proportioned to my great guilt. But the calming and restoring influence even of religion cannot wholly lull the troubled agony of a memory like mine. Still, in the trust of God and the holy saints, I look with joyful hope to the term of all human suffering. Oh! if the intensity of earthly agony can extenuate and atone for earthly guilt—then even I may dare to look with confidence towards Heaven!

#### THE FAMILY PICTURE.

It was a lovely morning and the calm of the country slept deliciously around, when I arrived at the ancient stately home of my best and earliest patron. Descended from a long line of knightly ancestors, Sir Robert V— was, in the noblest sense of the appellation, a "a good old English gentleman!" for, to the hospitality and frankness which belong to that honored name, he added the knowledge of a man of the world, and the refinement of a man of taste. It was the wish of Sir Robert that I should paint him a "a family picture;" and as with graceful pride Lady V— introduced me to her children, I felt that imagination could not have pictured a more exquisite beauty than that which I beheld, and which, in its varied forms, made them the loveliest group I had ever seen. One only differed in character and expression sufficiently to call for an observation: it was the orphan nephew of Lady V—.

The hours which I passed in the midst of that happy family are among the brightest of my life, and when at length my picture was completed, it was with feelings of sincere regret that I left a spot where sorrow and discord seemed unknown, even in name.

Little did I dream of the realities that were soon to change that vision—the young and beautiful beings who were blooming on my canvas. Their gentle mother first fell a sacrifice to the fearful scourge which had made young Edward D— an orphan! The rich warm blood which mantled on the cheek of the eldest boy soon dyed the crimson fields of Spain, and his dark flashing eyes closed amid shouts of victory! The rest—all, but one—ere long sank beneath the fatal summoner which had deprived them of a mother; their's was the panting breath, the fevered lip, the gradual decline, which only can bestow the beaming eyes and flushing cheeks, so beautiful—in death.

One, whose calm and thoughtful face seemed to proclaim that even in early youth the spirit was not of this world, sank as he was reaping the first fruits of a genius too mighty for his slender frame.

One was called from the triumphs of a first season to exchange its sweet sounds for silence—its brightness for a shroud—love for the grave!

Another . . . . . but it matters not, all died, as I have said, save one, the youngest! Her father strove to live—for her—but even this very anxiety might have

hastened on another fate; and mourners, "in deed and in truth," shortly after bore the broken-hearted Sir Robert to his tomb!

During the fearful sorrows of my beloved patron I had been laboring on, and had only heard, at their most sad conclusion, that the young Helen V— was heiress to her father's wealth; a small portion only having passed with the title to a distant relation.

Years passed away, and I mixed much in the gay world, for I had won that which is courted and flattered by the great—a name.

One night I was standing amidst the gay crowds assembled at the Duchess of —'s seeking an artist's inspiration in the fair faces before me, when, familiarized as I am with beauty, I was struck by one "bright particular star," standing near a vase filled with flowers; she had turned away from a crowd of admirers to address a young and elegant looking man, whose pale cheek flushed as her eyes met his.

Tall, and slightly formed, every look and movement was grace; the dark deep eyes, so beautiful in their pure brightness, the cheek, whose rich tint came and went at every word, the fascination of her exquisite smile, but more than all, a something which seemed like the memory of some half-forgotten dream, induced me to ask her name.

"Not know her? the beauty! the heiress—Helen V—?" was the astonished answer.

Delighted, yet sorrowing over the past—I procured an introduction, and she welcomed me as the friend of her father. For some moments we conversed upon indifferent subjects, when suddenly turning round, she said,

"You must allow me to present to you my cousin, Edward D—; he is altered—since you"—she hesitated "since those happy days."

She stopped; and as her thoughts flew back to the "Family Picture," and her now deserted home, her bright face was clouded by the deepest sorrow.

From that time I frequently met her, and found her cousin at her side; but it grieved me to remark that, by his wasting frame and brightening eye, he too, seemed to be a "stricken deer!"

One day he came to my studio—and slowly and sadly did he tell me that he had been ordered to Madeira, as a "last chance, a forlorn hope;" and that he wished his picture "to be to his lovely cousin a frail memorial of one who had loved her from her earliest childhood."

As I sketched the traits of the young and gallant Edward D—, I felt that, if consumption is sad in woman, it is far more fearful, when its death-grasp is laid on the "strong man."

That picture sealed the fate of Helen V—.

What passed when it was given I know not, but Helen, the beauty and the heiress, left her bright orbit, left her home, though one of wealth and of pride, to soothe the last hours, to pillow the dying head of her cousin!

For a long time she, too, hovered on the brink of the lonely and distant grave, to which she had consigned her husband; but youth prevailed in the long struggle; and, recovering by slow degrees, she returned to England; and she now dwells in her father's halls—in silence and in solitude—a mourner and a widow.

The "Family Picture" alone remains to tell what once has been; and when, in her hours of sorrow, she looks upon the bright faces still smiling there—how must she feel!—alone.

## FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

BELOV'D companions of my youth!

I know not where ye are,  
If high aspiring after fame,  
Or chasing wealth afar;  
Does e'er a truant thought of me  
Your busy minds employ?  
Or does the wrinkled demon care  
Such memories all destroy?

The woodlands, and the meadows,  
And Spring's most lovely flowers,  
The melody of summer birds,  
Our ivy-planted bowers,  
The tinkling music of the brook,  
The rushing of the stream—  
Are they to be forgotten  
Like the pale shades of a dream?

Ah, dear companions of my youth!  
How memory loves to twine  
Around the thoughts of those old days,  
Like an o'ershadowing vine;  
And backward as I turn my gaze,  
Your lithesome forms I see,  
And hear your merry shouts that erst  
Were echoed o'er the sea.

Ah, those indeed were happy days!  
My mind was then as free  
As eagle on the mountain height—  
As wind upon the sea;  
No dark or gloomy thought e'er cast  
Its darkness o'er my brow,  
But all was bright and sunny  
Where the shadows lengthen now.

Like pilgrim wandering far from home,  
Who seeks some distant hill,  
And turns a wistful glance to where  
His heart is lingering still,  
And almost fancies that he hears  
Familiar sounds arise  
Out from the quiet valley  
Where his sleeping mother lies,—

So to those lost but fondly treasur'd  
Memories of the soul  
My heart still turns as faithfully  
As needle to the pole,  
I see the shadowy forms of youth  
Glide by in sad array—  
The few who still are journeying on—  
The many pass'd away!

No, Memory is not treacherous:  
She fondly loves to trace  
The well-beloved lineaments  
Of each remembered face—  
To treasure up, like miser's gold,  
The sunny hours of youth,  
While holy acts of Faith and Love  
Are sentinel'd by Truth.

Ye unforgotten friends of youth!  
While battling on with life,  
Be firm of heart, be vigilant,  
Be manly in the strife;  
So may your waning hours be calm  
As e'er a summer's even,  
And each pure soul, like morning's dew,  
Be gathered up to heaven!

## THE TWO SISTERS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE pretty square Farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes Lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty square Farm-house, half hidden by tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and out-buildings so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the land and the stream—the pretty Farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish: his hay is never spoiled, his cattle never die: his servants never thrive: his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear: money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous—so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoilt* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean-Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off:—aye, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans, so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing: as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good looking.

Their children—six “boys,” as Farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well conducted; the boys docile and promising; and the little girl as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time:—for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of Dromios. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither have reached twenty,) exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear healthy complexions and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as

well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and, being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked, at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as “the Evans’s,” than as the separate individuals, Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder, and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance, who, being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evans’s to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty’s hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane’s, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane’s glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Baily too, the greatest beau in the Parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard) by that saucy damsel’s slipping into his sister’s place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquist of the first water) was pleased to assert that Miss Patty, was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short from their school days, when Jane was chidden for Patty’s bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane’s bad spinning, down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave: Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty: she who smiled, for certain was Patty: she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty: she who chased the pigs from the garden as if she were running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own raveled threads, an invisible darn in her mother’s handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pen-

sively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers,—the pale hues or the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resembling her own character, was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotsman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evan's had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character might have done honor to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness, and genuine abundance of the great English Farm-house. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with anything that he had met with before. No finery! no coquetry! no French! no Piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical Misses, ascertained that the whole-dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits, and animated conversation. He had known them apart, from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters, and secretly thought Patty as much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given Charles Foster, as a lover, to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense, and liked to have such nonsense talked to her, better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far, sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty, for the two sisters shared the same little room, inquired tenderly, "What ailed her?" The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length, she roused herself by a strong effort; and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone:

"I have had a great vexation to-night, Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! Did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; Charles Foster?"

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no! no! no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is. I would not be his wife; cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me Queen of England!"

"You refused him then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation, that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly;—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father! He will be disappointed. So will mother."

"They will be disappointed and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him!" added Jane; and poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed in that agony of passion and grief, which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After awhile she resumed the conversation. "We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser, and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me; but he felt your goodness—and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you would accept"—but unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night, Patty cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step (she knew the sound well!) came rapidly behind her: a hand, (oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!) tried to draw hers under his own; while a well-known voice addressed her in the softest, and tenderest accents; "Patty, my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me!" replied Patty with bitterness.

"Aye, to be sure, to your dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father, for the first time unwelcome, joined us so suddenly that you had not time to say Yes; And will you not say Yes now?"

"Mr. Foster!" replied Patty, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening: and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting."

"Then he mistook Jane for me, last night; and he



is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and, yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him?"

And so it was, an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glow worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night's misery, to be compensated by a life-time of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one: Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

It may with truth be said, that in no battle of the American Revolution was the contest more unequal, or the victory more complete, than in that of the Cowpens. The British army was superior in number, in discipline, in arms, and in everything that can constitute an army, save the soul and spirit of the soldier, and the noble daring of the officer. In infantry they were as five to four, and in cavalry as three to one. The American army under General Morgan was a retreating detachment, without artillery, without proper arms, and without baggage or provisions. In the language of a distinguished historian of that period—the earth was their bed, the heavens their covering, and rivulets they crossed their only drink.

The battle ground of the Cowpens is in Spartanburg district, about seventeen miles north of the Court House, and four or five miles from the North Carolina line. The surrounding country is a beautiful and almost perfect plain, with a fine surrounding growth of tall pines, oak and chesnut.

On the memorable 17th of January, 1781, the entire country around the battle ground was one vast untouched forest. The inhabitants of the lower part of the district had been in the habit of driving their cattle into this part of the country for the purpose of grazing, and had erected pens in the neighborhood, for the purpose of salting and marking them. Hence the origin of the name of the battle ground. The field of battle, however, is about two miles distant from the Cowpens; but inasmuch as there was no known place in the neighborhood, it was called, "the battle of Cowpens."

The night previous to the battle, the American army had encamped on the ground. The position was a favorable one, and lay immediately between the head waters of "Suck Creek," a branch of "Buck Creek," which are not more than three hundred yards apart. The forces under General Morgan were drawn up about daylight, on the bridge extending from one of these branches to the other. These branches at that time were well lined with cane and small reeds, which made it exceedingly difficult to cross over them.

General Morgan was retreating into North Carolina, and had determined to give battle on the other side of Broad River, but General Pickens informed him that if they crossed the river, the militia could not be kept together. A large portion of them had joined the army

the day previous, and were under no regular discipline. This determined the commanding general to wait for Tarleton, whose forces had been marching all night, to overtake the American army before they could get over Broad River.

The North and South Carolina militia, under the command of General Pickens, were posted one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in advance of the Continental Troops under Colonel Howard. Colonel Brondon's regiment was placed on the left of the road leading from the Union district into North Carolina, and the regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck on the right. They were ordered to stand the fire of the enemy as long as it was possible, and then retreat, and form again on the right and left of the Continental Troops.

About sunrise the British army appeared in sight, and marched within one or two hundred yards of the American line, and then deployed to the right and left, with a corps of cavalry on each wing. General Pickens ordered the militia not to fire until the enemy came within thirty paces of them. They were permitted to shelter themselves behind trees, which was a prudent, if not a scientific mode of fighting. At the celebration of the anniversary of the battle, in 1835, the writer of these sketches was shown by several of the old soldiers the identical tree from which they fired during the engagement. The British, when formed, rushed forward with a shout and huzza, as if in anticipation of an easy victory. The horse of Colonel Brondon was shot down from under him, and his regiment immediately fired on the enemy, in violation of their orders to wait until they had approached within thirty paces. The regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck soon commenced a brisk and destructive fire. The enemy now made a charge with fixed bayonets, and the militia gave way. The brunt of the battle was bravely borne by the regular troops, while the militia rallied in the rear and renewed the engagement. Three hundred of the British were killed and five hundred were taken prisoners; the remnant of Tarleton's cavalry was pursued by Colonel Washington fifteen or twenty miles, to Goudelock's, where he was informed the British were out of his reach. This, however, was made by Mrs. Goudelock in order to save the life of her husband, whom Tarleton had just pressed into his service to pilot him across the Pacolet: this good lady supposing that if Colonel Washington overtook the British, an engagement would ensue, and her husband might be killed in the action. She therefore suffered the feelings of a wife to prevail over those of patriotism and morality. For the fact was, that Tarleton had just got out of sight as Washington rode up. Had the American cavalry continued their pursuit fifteen minutes longer, the remnant of the British troops could have been either captured or killed.

The next day after the battle a portion of the militia was despatched to bury the dead. Three places of burying are now to be distinctly seen—the largest is near the chimney of a cabin some hundred yards above the battle ground; the second is fifty to one hundred yards distant, and the third on the spot where the battle took place. One of the soldiers who assisted at the burying, observed, at the celebration before alluded to, that the dead were to be found in straight lines across the battle ground, and that it gave them a most singular appearance when seen at a distance. The

only vestiges of the battle now to be seen, are the trees which have been cut by bullets.

#### THE DYING WIDOW'S LAMENT.

BY THOMAS MILLER—BASKET MAKER.

Those cold white curtain folds displace—  
That form I would no longer see;  
They have assumed my husband's face,  
And all night long it looked at me;  
I wished it not to go away,  
Yet trembled while it did remain;  
I closed my eyes, and tried to pray—  
Alas! I tried in vain.

I know my head is very weak,  
I've seen what fancy can create;  
I long have felt too low to speak—  
Oh! I have thought too much of late—  
I have a few requests to make:  
Just wipe these blinding tears away;  
I know you love, and for my sake  
You will them all obey.

My child has scarce a month been dead;  
My husband has been dead but five;  
What dreary hours since then have fled!  
I wonder I am yet alive.  
My child! through him Death aimed the blow,  
And from that hour I did decline;  
His coffin, when my head lies low,  
I would have placed on mine.

Those letters which my husband sent  
Before he perished in the deep;  
What hours in reading them I've spent,  
Whole nights, in which I could not sleep.  
Oh, they are worn with many a tear,  
Scarce fit for other eyes to see;  
But oft when sad they did me cheer—  
Pray, bury them with me.

This little cap my Henry wore  
The very day before he died,  
And I shall never kiss it more—  
When dead you'll place it by my side;  
I know these thoughts are weak, but oh!  
What will a vacant heart not crave?  
And as none else can love them so,  
I'll bear them to my grave.

The miniature that still I wear,  
When dead I would not have removed:  
'Tis on my heart—oh, leave it there,  
To find its way to where I loved;  
My husband threw it round my neck,  
Long, long before he called me bride;  
And I was told that, 'midst the wreck  
He kissed mine ere he died.

There's little that I care for now,  
Except this simple wedding ring;  
I faithfully have kept my vow,  
And feel not an accusing sting;  
I never yet have laid it by  
A moment since my bridal day,  
Where he first placed it let it lie—  
Oh! take it not away.

Now wrap me in my winding gown,  
You scarce can think how cold I feel;  
And smooth my ruffled pillow down,  
Oh, how my clouded senses reel!  
Great G-d! support me to the last,  
Oh, let more air into the room:  
The struggle now is nearly past—  
Husband and child, I come!

#### THE SEIGE OF ANTWERP.

Of all the warlike inventions that have ever been contrived, antiquity produced none more dreadful than those which were used by the people of the Netherlands against Philip V. of Spain; and particularly at the siege of Antwerp, which having been besieged some time without success by the Prince of Parma, he at length resolved to lay a bridge over the Scheldt, that runs by the side of that city. The river is two thousand four hundred feet broad, and above sixty feet deep when the tide is out; yet the Prince, by indefatigable labor, and driving piles into the bottom, at length performed this wonderful enterprize; only in the midst, where the stream was very rapid and very deep, he was forced to make a floating bridge of boats, which joined the whole together. He likewise built forts or castles on each end, and planked the bridge on each side five feet high, to secure it from the enemy's cannon, and from thence much annoyed the town.

The people of Antwerp finding how prejudicial this would be to them, and that it might endanger the safety of the city, consulted many ways how to destroy it, but none took effect. At last they met with one Frederic Jambel, an excellent engineer, who coming out of Italy into Spain, desired to have access to the king to offer his services in the Low Countries, but being slighted and neglected, he left the court in a rage, threatening, that in a short time the King of Spain should hear of the name of this despised person, not without tears; and coming to Antwerp, he had now a fit opportunity of expressing the nature and fury of his mind. He was entertained by the besieged, and assured them he would ruin this dangerous bridge: to which purpose he built four ships, with flat bottoms and high sides, much thicker and stronger than ordinary; first, in the keel of these ships he made a strong brick wall, like a floor or ground-work, a foot high and five broad, through the whole length of the ship; then he built walls on each side about the foundation, three feet high and so many broad, and having filled the vacant space with gunpowder, prepared with exquisite art, unknown to any but himself, he covered it over with grave stones, mill stones, and other huge stones. Upon this covering he made another story, vault-wise, of mill stones, and other vast stones, which, leaning on each other, made a ridge like the roof of a house, so that the slaughter might not only be straight forward, but on each side. In this upper vault he put iron and marble balls, chains, blocks, nails, knives, and whatever else his mischievous wit could suggest to him to destroy mankind.

Lastly, all the space that lay open between the sides of the ships, the wall, and the roof of the mine, he filled up with stones closely joined together, and bound down with beams fastened with iron. He covered and secured all these things with a strong plank and brick floor, in the middle whereof he set fire to a pile of wood, that the ships might seem to be set out in order to burn the bridge, putting under the wood pitch and brimstone, that could not be extinguished before the mine should be fired, with the prepared timber. He framed two ways to fire the mine: in some of the ships he placed matches besmeared with gunpowder, which being laid through the keel, reached to the mine, and of such a length as he found by experiment would continue lighted until the ships should come to the bridge.

In other ships he used clock work to continue with a gentle motion till they arrived at the bridge, and then

with a violent meeting of the wheels against a flint, should strike some sparks into the bruised gunpowder there scattered, and inflame the train, and thence convey the fire into the mouth of the mine. Jambel having finished these four dreadful engines, added thirteen less, which had nothing hurtful but the hatches covered with huge fires. These preparations were observed by the Spaniards, though ignorant of the stratagem, imagining they were providing a fleet in the city to attack the bridge on one side, while the Zealand and Holland squadrons did the like on the other; therefore the Prince kept strict guard to prevent mischief, which was nearer to him than he expected. When, behold! from the city there appeared three ships first, and after them several others, brightly shining with fire through the darkness of the night, and at which the camps were alarmed, and a cry given of—"to arms! to arms!"—and the bridge was soon filled with soldiers.

The ships came down the river in good order, two or three together, as if for show only, having their mariners on board them, and the flames were so clear that they seemed not to carry fire but to be burning themselves, and that fire could sail and be preserved in the waters. The whole made a glorious show, if the hearts of the spectators had not been filled with terror; for the banks of the river and the castles placed thereon shone with continual fires, which, with the armed troops along the shore and on the bridges, in bright armor, with their swords drawn and colors displayed, with the gallantry of their commanders, made a very agreeable sight, and was heightened by the fiery ship in the midst of the Scheldt, which hitherto without hurt spit their flames as if in sport.

When these ships were within two miles of the bridge, the seamen turned the four that had the mines within their holds directly down the midst of the channel against the bridge, not valuing the small vessels, and setting fire to the matches, presently leaped into the boats to observe the success at a distance. But wanting their pilots, they did not keep one course. Most of the smaller ones dashed themselves against the machines fenced with sharp spikes, or run aground upon the banks; and of the four that carried destruction in their bowels, one leaking was swallowed up in the midst of the river, vomiting out thunder and smoke; two others by the force of the wind, were driven ashore on the Flanders side; and the last had nearly shared the same fate, being violently driven toward the shore, which, with the sight of the loss of the rest, made the Spaniards triumph and scoff at the folly of their enemies. But the last ship being stronger than the others, broke through all opposition, destroying all the engines and contrivances made to hinder its progress, and came furiously on against the bridge. At this sight the soldiers shouted with terror and fear. The Prince of Parma himself came thither when he heard those shouts, and endeavored to prevent the danger from this fire-ship, by sending some mariners aboard to disperse the wood and quench the fire, and others to keep it off with large poles and pikes. He himself stood on the wooden bridge, and with him several of his chief commanders, and the guard of the place, and among them a Spanish ensign, who either had some knowledge of such engines, or knew that Jambel was excellent in this art, who came to the prince and earnestly entreated him, "that now he had done all that was necessary, he would please to with-

draw, and not venture his life, whereon every soldier's life, yea, the war itself depended, in so dangerous a situation;" but being rejected, he still insisted, and throwing himself on his knees before the prince, said, "I most humbly beseech and intreat you, most illustrious prince, as you value your life, which I now see exposed to the utmost hazard, that you would please for this once to take the advice of your servant." Saying this he modestly plucked him by the garment, and with a kind of commanding air, entreated him to follow him, who interpreting this unusual freedom of the man to proceed from a higher power, at last consented, and with some went away. The prince had hardly entered St. Maria's fort, when the limited hour for the match to fire the mine was come, and on a sudden this fatal ship exploded, with such a horrid noise, as if the very skies had rent asunder, and heaven and earth come together, or the whole body of earth had trembled; for the storm of stones, chains, and bullets, being thrown out with thunder and lightning, there followed such a slaughter as cannot be imagined. The castle on which the infernal machine fell, the bridge next to it, with the soldiers, mariners, armor, and arms, all these the furious whirlwind swept away together, tossed in the air, and dispersed as the wind doth leaves of trees. The river Scheldt prodigiously gaping was then seen to discover its bottom, and again swelling above its banks, overflowed the adjacent shores. The motion of the earth was felt nine miles off, and great grave stones were thrown a mile from the river, and sunk two feet into the ground. But the destruction of men was very deplorable; some the hellish violence of the fire consumed or carried into the air, whence they fell bruised on the earth or into the river; many were slain with the showers of stones; and some the grave stones both killed and entombed. The Viscount of Brussels was darted out of his own ship, at a great distance, without hurt. A captain, by this infernal whirlwind, was carried heavily armed out of St. Mary's fort, like chaff in the air, and thrown into the midst of the river, from whence, by swimming, with the loss of his armor, he escaped. A young man of the prince's guard was carried over a great part of the river into the Brabant, a considerable distance, only hurting his shoulders a little when he fell on the ground, and said he seemed like a bullet shot out of a cannon, he felt such a violence forcing him forward.

To conclude, there were eight hundred slain, and the Prince of Parma was in great danger, though a good distance off, by a great stake, which struck him down, and he laid for some time insensible. And indeed the desolation produced by this execrable engine was such as made people say that the author of it fetched this terrible fire, which made the river boil with heat, and those pestiferous mortal vapors, from the infernal pit; and that the thunder and lightning was procured by magic art.

#### EDWARD OSBORNE.

In the year 1530, when London bridge was covered with houses, overhanging the pent-up turbulent stream, as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert *terra firma*, and like so many beavers, perch their dwellings on a crazy bridge, Sir William Howard, citizen of London, and cloth-worker, inhabited one of these temptations of Providence. His only

child, a pretty girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the rapids through which, even now-a-days it is counted a feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the sight in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own; and that was the apprentice of Sir William Howard. He leaped into the water after his youthful mistress, and by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore; and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts! But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her untitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain.

Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born, of God's creation, not man's. He rose by successful industry to the highest honors of the city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city beauty—to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchants' 'prentice, who periled his life so frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs—descends by a lineage more noble than if he had sprung from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George William Osborne, Duke of Leeds.

#### THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.—A writer in the Western Literary Messenger has recently detected this gentleman in one of the most flagrant and unscrupulous pieces of plagiarism that ever occurred in our literature. In a critique upon his "Waif," in the Evening Mirror, a covert allusion was made to a disposition on the part of the "Professor" to thrive upon the hard-earned laurels of others, and the only fault of Willis's article was, that he merely hit the nail's head which this gentleman firmly clinches in the following two lyrics. The original poem, which we subjoin, is copied from a work entitled, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, by William Motherwell, published by John Wylie: Glasgow, 1828." Mr. Longfellow's version, purporting to have been a translation from the German of O. B. Wolf, was published in Graham's Magazine for February, 1843. *Verbum sap!*

Bonnie George Campbell.

| MOTHERWELL.              | LONGFELLOW.               |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| His upon Hielands        | High on the Highlands,    |
| And low upon Tay,        | And deep in the day,      |
| Bonnie George Campbell   | The good George Campbell  |
| Rade out on on a day.    | Rode free and away.       |
| Saddled and bridled      | All saddled, all bridled, |
| And gallant rade he;     | Gay garments he wore;     |
| Hame cam his gude horse, | Home came his good steed, |
| But never cam he.        | But he nevermore.         |

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Out cam his auld mither      | Out came his mother,         |
| Greeting in' sair,           | Weeping so sadly;            |
| And out cam his bonnie bride | Out came his beauteous bride |
| Rivin' her hair.             | Weeping so madly.            |
| Saddled and bridled          | All saddled, all bridled,    |
| And bootied rade he;         | Strong armor he wore;        |
| Toom hame cam the saddle,    | Home came the saddle,        |
| But never cam he.            | But he nevermore.            |
| "My meadow lies green,       | My meadow lids green,        |
| And my corn is unshorn;      | Unreaped is my corn;         |
| My barn is too big,          | My garner is empty,          |
| And my baby's unborn."       | My child is unborn.          |
| Saddled and bridled          | All saddled, all bridled,    |
| And bootied rade he;         | Sharp weapons he bore;       |
| Toom hame cam the saddle,    | Home came the saddle,        |
| But never cam he.            | But he nevermore!            |
| Singular coincidence, eh?    |                              |

NEW BOOKS.—Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, has issued the second number of the Treasury of History, which is a continuation of the History of England, and contains the conclusion of the History of Alfred the Great—History of the Anglo-Saxons from the death of Alfred the Great to the reign of Edward the Martyr—the accession of Edward the Martyr to the death of Canute—the reigns of Harold and Hardicanute—Edward the Confessor—Harold the Second—William I., usually styled "William the Conqueror,"—William II.—Henry I.—Stephen—Henry the II., and of Richard I.

The admirable conscientiousness with which the author of this work embraces all subjects of History, must give it a high place among the standard publications of the day.

LAWRIE TODD, or the Settlers in the Woods, by John Galt, Esq., with an original preface by Grant Torburn. Farmer & Dagers, 30 Ann st.

This well written and excellent book is founded upon incidents in the life of Mr. Grant Thorburn.

POOR JACK.—This capital romance of Marryat's is from the same publishers, and got up in the same neat style.

Also from the same house, Uncle Peter's Fairy Tales—the History and Adventures of Little Mary—a cheap, neatly printed, and capital work for children.

THEATRES.—At the Park Welch's Circus is doing a good business, and drawing fashionable audiences. His company are well trained and excellent. Horsemanship is decidedly an art, and any one who is fond of elegant riding should visit this establishment. Grimaldi is as much laughed at as ever, though his jokes are old. He seems, when in uniform, more like an intelligent animal than a human being, therefore the fun.

The Bowery is doing an excellent business with revivals of old dramas, and occasionally a dash of the legitimate. Hamblin is a thriving man, with a little mint of his own.

The Chatham has produced some new pieces, among which are The Christmas Chimes, of Dickens, and the Seven Castles of the Passions. The business at this house is good.

We can't say much of that Momus-temple, the Olympic, but from report it is as mirth-making as ever.

BALL AT TAMMANY HALL.—Some of our readers will receive this week's Rover on Thursday; to them we would say, that a Complimentary Ball will be given by his pupils to Charles Wright on the above evening at Tammany Hall.



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THE VALENTINE.

Oh! this is the time of all the year,  
When Hymen and Love with Truth combine,  
To join together the hearts most dear  
By the happy aid of St. Valentine.

